

The Musical World.

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VOL. 62.—No. 29.

SATURDAY, JULY 19, 1884.

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THIS EVENING (SATURDAY), July 19.—SIGURD, at
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M. REYER'S "SIGURD."

Monsieur Louis Etienne Ernest Reyer, the eminent musical critic of the *Journal des Debats*, and the immediate successor in that capacity of Hector Berlioz, is not, as a composer, greatly favoured of fortune. He has now entered upon his seventh decade, and had passed his thirtieth year when he produced his first opera, *Maitre Wolfram*, at the Lyrique. M. Reyer's next contribution to lyric drama, *La Statue*, was not put upon the stage till seven years later. In 1862 he brought out a two-act piece, *Erostrate*, at Baden—this was revived at the Grand Opéra in 1871—and in 1863 he is said to have been busily engaged upon the work, *Sigurd*, first produced at Brussels in January last, and presented to English amateurs on Tuesday night. This is not a brilliant record, but it would be easy to enlarge upon the fact that M. Reyer, albeit a distinguished man, has had, on two out of four occasions, to find a stage over the frontiers of his native land. The other day we justly commented upon the strange providence that introduced to us an English opera in the German tongue and at the hands of a German company. For this M. Reyer's experience is almost a match.

Surprise has been expressed that the French composer chose a subject treated by Wagner in his *Ring des Nibelungen*. The answer made to this is that M. Reyer selected his story before Wagner had made public an intention to deal with the same theme. Really the matter has the smallest possible importance. Musicians are as much at liberty as painters to exercise their art upon subjects already handled; and no two men being likely to approach them from precisely the same direction, art is certain to gain rather than lose by exercise of an undoubted right. We have, therefore, no criticism to make upon M. Reyer's choice of a story. The *Nibelungen Lied* and the Icelandic "Eddas" are common property. M. Reyer's librettists availed themselves of both sources just named in arranging the incidents of the plot, drawing from the old German lay much more liberally than did Wagner. Like the Bayreuth composer, however, they took from Norse legend the idea of the sleeping and fire-guarded Walkyrie, Brunhild, doomed to slumber on within her flaming circle till a pure and undaunted warrior awakes her with a kiss. The principal difference between the book of MM. du Locle and Blau and Richard Wagner's poem is that the story of Sigurd in his relation to Brunhild, Hilda, and Gunther comes from the French authors as an independent thing, whereas the German makes it no more than the crowning episode in an argument dealing with infinitely wider issues. *Sigurd* knows nothing of the Niblungs or the Rhine Daughters; the fateful Ring or the downfall of Walhalla; even Odin (Wotan) is kept out of the story, and attention centres upon a few agents and elements whose deeds we can follow, and whose operations we can estimate with all possible ease. In this respect the French book enjoys a great advantage. Its outline is so plain, and its situations so obvious, that nowhere can the least perceptive witness become conscious of obscurity. In other respects Wagner has much the better of the comparison. The severe grandeur and impressive "far-removedness" with which he invests his characters are qualities absent from the Frenchmen's work. MM. du Locle and Blau bring the mythical personages so near that we can detect the tinsel they wear, and see that they are only players. The main incidents of the drama are at once recognized by everyone who knows Wagner's *Siegfried* and *Götterdämmerung*. There are, however, points of difference. Before the action begins Gunther's sister, Hilda, has been saved from death by Sigurd, and so cherishes him in her heart that when Attila's envoys come demanding the princess's hand for their master, she reveals her apparently hopeless love to her foster-mother, Uta, who thereupon prepares a drink which shall compel Sigurd to reciprocate her passion. With the arrival of Sigurd at Gunther's court the story begins to run parallel with that of Wagner. The warrior takes the charmed cup, forgets Brunhild, worships Hilda, and undertakes to win the Walkyrie for Gunther. In the second act the awaking of Brunhild is shown, attended by circumstances that entirely deprive it of the dignity which marks the same incident in Wagner's play. Icelandic priests and people seek to deter the warrior from his task, but, finding him resolved,

give him Odin's magic horn, without which, apparently, nothing can be done. The incidents following suggest a pantomimic "opening" on the subject of *The Sleeping Beauty* rather than the story of Sigurd and Brunhild. Our bold knight encounters all sorts of ludicrous terrors intended to frighten him from his purpose. He sees the three Norns washing his shroud; fights single-handed against a troop of Walkyries without receiving a scratch; defies Kobolds, phantoms, and many sorts of monsters; and eventually rushes the guarding fire in a style that would qualify him for a place under Captain Shaw. All this, we must confess, is poor, and was only redeemed in representation by the striking apparition of Brunhild's palace with its encircling flame, and by an effective change to the scene in which the conqueror and the maid start from Iceland for Worms in a boat drawn by swans. The third and fourth acts show the double marriage as in Wagner's play; the discovery by Brunhild of the fraud that has been practised upon her; the murder of Sigurd by Hagen; and the death of Brunhild, attended by a fearful foreshadowing of the revenge which, at Hilda's instigation, Attila will wreak upon the hapless Burgundian King and people. These two acts are decidedly the best, because in great part removed from fantasy to the domain of real life, and showing there strong human feeling. As before pointed out, the whole story has the merit of clearness and of going straight to its end. But both characters and incidents might have been made more heroic, and less suggestive of the superficial attractions which, from a high art point of view, mar so many French operas.

M. Reyer's music, written twenty years ago, shows the influence of Hector Berlioz much more than that of Wagner, whose style it can in no sense be said to resemble. But, according to the method which Wagner carried to its full logical development, the music streams on, following in an unbroken current the course of the story, and changing as often as do the vocal inflections of an elocutionist who relates a varied tale. In their handling of this method Wagner and Reyer are wide as the poles asunder. The German master was too strong, and abused it; the French composer is too weak, and it overrides him. Wagner was not only able to weave his fragmentary themes into a masterful pattern, but to put the orchestra above the stage, where it ought not to be. Reyer, on the other hand, cannot fill the mould into which his thoughts run. He resembles a small man who has put on a large man's coat. For, observe that, with no musical symmetry such as adherence to form gives, and with no thematic development, there must be compensation of some kind, or disaster results. M. Reyer cannot supply this in the shape of orchestral interest, and the method, therefore, becomes in his hands, as in those of most others, a hindrance rather than a help to success. The remarks just made must, however, be taken with considerable qualification. Where M. Reyer finds that the dramatist has prolonged a situation capable of comparatively uniform musical expression he appears not only at his best, but positively to great advantage. This is exemplified in the last act, which contains three extended duets, two for Brunhild and Hilda, and one for Brunhild and Sigurd. Helped by the strong natural feeling of the characters, M. Reyer seizes his opportunities to such good purpose that the music becomes not only powerful regarded simply as expression, but admirable *per se*. It is not too much to say that these duets are by far the best things in the entire work—the most moving to the sympathetic, the most satisfactory to the critical. A reflection is invited here. Why should not librettists, writing under modern conditions, pay more heed than they do to the supreme necessity for musical development? Evidence is accumulating day by day to show that the opera-drama must concede something to the allied art. It cannot go rattling on like a spoken play, but should pause here and there, giving time for music to obey the rules essential to its success. The feeble operas produced now-a-days are in part weak because musical exigencies are neglected, and though we shall never go back to the formality of the older fashion, necessity will soon enforce a modification of the extreme attitude at present taken up. Turning from this subject, let us point out that M. Reyer has a fair gift of melody, though not remarkable inven-

tiveness, while his orchestration is more noteworthy for high colouring than anything else. It wants substance, and the interest that arises from skilful figurative treatment. In other words, it is not masterly enough for the prominent position assigned to it by the method adopted. The *ensembles*, however, are sometimes effective, in spite of the fact that they are never developed to the full extent required by musical considerations. In summing up, it is hard to give *Sigurd* a definite position among operas. Both in the drama and the music there is a good deal to enjoy, but the connoisseur regrets to observe how much more might have been done with ordinary regard for common-sense rules. We decline to say that *Sigurd* will hold the stage, but we shall not dispute that a just balance of merit and defect keeps the scales pretty even.

The performance, conducted by M. Dupont, had been carefully prepared, and was creditable to the house. Mme Albani invested the part of Brunhild with distinct charm. It was a womanly creation, that might have produced a still greater effect, had the Walkyrie been suggestively discovered sleeping in the armour that belonged to her god-like state. Alike in the business and music of the final act, Mme Albani touched a high point. She gained for Brunhild the fullest sympathy, and for herself entire admiration. Mme Fursch-Mahdi was a good Hilda—a character hardly less important than that of Brunhild; and Mdle Reggiani gave appropriate colour to the small part of Uta. M. Devoyod, as Gunther, acted better than he sang. On the other hand, Signor De Reszke was every way admirable as Hagen, having little to do, but doing that little well; while M. Jourdain, a *debutant* with a high tenor voice that carries well, personated Sigurd in a manner free from grave defects, and obtained some applause for his singing. The *mise-en-scène* satisfied every reasonable expectation, being, indeed, worthy of the best days of the Royal Italian Opera.—D. T.

—o—

MARRIAGE OF MISS EDITH SANTLEY.

St Margaret's Church, Westminster, was crowded on Monday morning with a fashionable congregation to witness the marriage of the Hon. Robert Lyttelton, son of the late Lord Lyttelton, with Miss Edith Santley, the eldest daughter of Mr Charles Santley, the well-known singer. Amongst those assembled in the church were Mr and Mrs Gladstone, Lord and Lady Edward Cavendish, Lord Lyttelton, Lord and Lady Wentworth, Lady Wenlock, Mr Herbert Gladstone, the Hon. Mrs E. Talbot, Mr C. Stuart Wortley, M.P., the Hon. E. Lyttelton, Mr A. J. Balfour, M.P., Colonel the Hon. and Mrs Caryl-Molyneux, Mr and Mrs Pole-Carew, Lady Georgina Legge, and Mr and Mrs Swinbourne. The bride, who arrived shortly before twelve o'clock, was led to the altar by her father. She wore a magnificent costume of white satin and old point lace. The veil, which was of tulle, was surmounted by a small wreath of myrtle and orange-blossoms, and fastened with diamond stars, the gift of the Hon. S. and E. Lyttelton, brothers of the bridegroom. There were six bridesmaids, the Misses Gertrude and Ethel Santley, the Misses Agnes and Mauriel Talbot, Miss Catherine Donne, and Miss Meiggs. They wore dresses of cream nun's veiling, trimmed with velvet of the same colour, and bonnets to match, the strings of which were fastened with pearl pins, the gift of the bridegroom. They carried bouquets of white roses. The service was fully choral. The officiating clergy were the Hon. and Rev. A. Lyttelton, brother of the bridegroom, and the Hon. and Rev. S. Lawley. The Hon. A. Lyttelton acted as best man. At the conclusion of the ceremony the party adjourned to the wedding breakfast, which was given at the residence of the bride's father. Later in the afternoon Mr and Mrs Lyttelton left for Holmby, near Dorking, the seat of the Hon. F. Leveson-Gower. The wedding presents were very numerous, and included an emerald bracelet from Mr Gladstone and a gold necklet set with pearls from Lady Frederick Cavendish.

Luigi Mancinelli's new opera, *Isora di Provenza*, will not be produced this autumn, as previously announced, at the Teatro Regio, Turin, but at the Teatro Comunale, Bologna.

MARRIAGE OF MISS ARDITI.

The marriage of Giuletta, daughter of Signor and Mme Arditi, to Mr Romaine Walker, son of the esteemed vicar of St Saviour's, took place on Thursday, July 10th, at St Saviour's Church. The bride, attended by four bridesmaids and leaning on the arm of her father, who gave her away, was met at the church door by the Rev. John Walker, Canon Sanderson, Canon Duckworth, the Rev. Mr Crockett, who, with the choir, proceeded up the aisle to the altar. The service was choral, at the conclusion of which a wedding march, composed expressly by Signor Arditi, was played by Mr Bending. The bride's dress was of the richest brocade, caught back by wreaths of myrtle over a petticoat embroidered in appliqué velvet (the design by the bridegroom and worked by the bride). The bridesmaids wore cream net dresses with satin bodices, the skirts sprinkled with red flowers and green leaves, their bouquets, tied with the same, being the Italian colours. The church was crowded, and about 200 guests repaired afterwards to 41, Albany Street, the residence of the bride's parents, where, in a tent erected in the garden, the wedding breakfast was laid, and during the progress of which the band of the Honourable Artillery Company played the wedding march composed by Signor Arditi, and already heard at St Saviour's Church, together with many of the best known compositions of the popular host. The presents were over 200 in number, amongst which were a diamond and ruby brooch from Mme Adelina Patti, a diamond and ruby bracelet from Lord Ailesbury, a quantity of silver plate and ornaments from the bridegroom's relations, besides many other handsome souvenirs from the numerous friends of the bride. At 4.30 p.m., the bride and bridegroom took their departure for Pangbourne, en route for Goring, where they will spend their honeymoon. The bride's travelling dress was of grey cashmere, with shot silk of red and grey, bonnet and cloak to match. Telegrams of congratulation poured in from all parts of the world and from many friends who were unavoidably absent, among whom were Mmes Minnie Hauk, Valleria, Gerster, Marie Roze, Signors Bottesini, Franchi, Fishhof, &c.

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WELSH NOT ENGLISH.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

DEAR MR EDITOR,—In your notice of Miss Edith Wynne's concert (June 28th) there is a slight mistake, which I should be greatly obliged if you would kindly set right. You will there see that I was separated from my Welsh compatriots, and classed among English singers, which surprises me much, as I thought the fact of my being a Welsh woman was well known. My very first appearance in public was at an Eisteddfod at Carnarvon, and I am now engaged for the forthcoming Eisteddfod at Liverpool. I should not like my Welsh connections to think that I am not proud of my country, as I certainly am. So I am sure you will kindly forgive me for troubling you. Believe me, faithfully yours,

BEATA H. FRANCIS.

6, Milner Terrace, Cadogan Square,
July 14th.

MISS CONSTANCE REEVES.—At the Strand theatre on Tuesday morning there was a performance of *She Stoops to Conquer*, at which Miss Constance Reeves, daughter of the popular tenor vocalist, Mr Sims Reeves, made her bow before a London audience. In a notice of the performance of the comedy the *Daily Chronicle* says—Miss Constance Reeves, who, considering her inexperience in public performances, acted wisely in accepting the small part of the maid whom, for a few moments, Miss Hardcastle makes her confidant when she determines to test the strangely bashful Young Marlow by pretending to be the barmaid of the inn in which he believes himself to be staying. Unfortunately, Miss Reeves was apparently seized with a severe attack of "stage fright" directly she entered upon the scene, so that she was unable to do justice either to herself or to the author. But, though her words were scarcely audible, she evinced much intelligence. When she next appears before a large assembly Miss Reeves will doubtless have derived an increase of confidence, but in the meantime she may be assured that more valuable results in art have had their origin in graceful and engaging diffidence than in forwardness and objectionable self-assurance.

SAVONAROLA.

The success of Mr Villiers Stanford's latest opera, performed for the first time in England on Wednesday in last week, was not remarkable. The house was pretty well filled, but with the exception of a small minority, whose applause savoured of the east, the audience was never roused into enthusiasm. Their indifference may be explained in various ways. Firstly, the cast was not very strong; secondly, the actors did not seem to be quite at home in their parts; thirdly, the music was, of necessity, strange to its hearers. How much was due to the opera as a whole, time must further show. If I may venture an opinion on first acquaintance, the chief cause was the inherent weakness of the subject, which has nothing of the dramatic in it. Nor does its treatment redeem this by force of action or situations. The different scenes hang loosely together, joined by a mere thread of story. Thus Mr Stanford had to work under difficulties which he was unable to surmount, his music in no way atoning for the want of dramatic interest. True, there are passages of some prettiness, and occasional reminiscences of Wagner. But the general effect is that of restless prolixity. The orchestration is crude and dry; and, while the listener's nerves are kept continually irritated, nothing rewards them for being so long expectant. That there is decided cleverness in the working up and management of the choruses cannot be denied; but there is no deep feeling, nowhere the faintest touch of passion. This impression will be hard to eradicate, though derived from a first impression. With regard to the performance not much need be said. Herr Stritt did what he could with a character so undramatically conceived as that of Savonarola, and so drily portrayed in music. Fraulein Schaernack was unable to endow the part of Francesca with interest. The music is throughout too high for her voice, and the effect was therefore painful. The villain Rucello is an absurdly unnatural villain, having even less human nature about him than the rest of the characters in the play; so Herr Scheidemantel sang well to little purpose. Sebastiano, the lover of Francesca, was impersonated by Herr Kaps. After the prologue and the first and third acts the curtain was raised and Mr Stanford was called on; but *Savonarola* certainly made no mark, and I hardly expect another performance will enable me to modify this unfavourable impression.

W. H. E.

Comparison of the two opera-books written by Mr Gilbert & Beckett for Mr Stanford is not to the advantage of *Savonarola*. In *The Canterbury Pilgrims* we have a genuine old English comedy, full of life and humour, varied as to incident, sufficient as to motive, and setting forth a good deal of human nature for our instinctive recognition and sympathy. We look vainly after corresponding excellence in *Savonarola*, which, sooth to say, though the diction be flowing and the sentiment strong, has grave, if not absolutely fatal, defects. Mr A Beckett does scanty justice to the powerful Dominican who, for a brief period, played so great a part in the history of Florence. Savonarola is a grand figure, even when viewed through the mist of centuries. A born leader of men; a "son of thunder," yet more mighty in himself than in his office; a despot whose will was that men should live the higher life, he looms large when we turn back upon the path of time to gaze at him. One can hardly conceive his presentation on the stage save as the Apostle and Reformer, but Mr A Beckett shows him to us mainly as the victim of an unscrupulous ruffian, and as a character in a story which deals only incidentally with all that gives Savonarola his place in the world's record. This is surely a mistake. It is the work and mission of the Florentine monk that attract us. These were possible to no one else, whereas anyone could suffer from the machinations of a scoundrel. The drama, therefore, seems to us fundamentally wrong. Mark what follows from this: The mainspring of the plot is not Savonarola, but Rucello, the villain aforesaid. He is the only person who originates action; the others resembling "ninepins" put up to be bowled down by a player. First of all in the prologue Rucello appears as the agent who, with a rival's intensity of hate, separates Savonarola from Clarice, the daughter of a Florentine merchant, and so drives the despairing lover into the arms of the Church. In the first act it is Rucello who proceeds to gratify revenge, kept warm through twenty years, and, having compromised the life of Francesca, Clarice's orphan daughter, by inciting her hatred of the Dominican, stigmatises in public the sentimental reason why a release has been granted. Again, in the second act, it is Rucello who leads a rabble against Savonarola's monastery and gets the monk into his power by promising to take no other life; while in the last act he appears gloating over the consummation of his cruelty. Strictly speaking

the opera should be called *Rucello; or, the Rival's Revenge*. The present title-character simply conjugates the verbs "to be" and "to suffer" all through the chapter. One consequence from this is that Savonarola obtains but a mild form of sympathy. Feeling is called out by action, not passivity, and when a man is content to play the part of a football he is apt to be as little pitied. For that matter, none of the characters greatly affect the spectator. Clarice, whom we see only in the prologue, gives up her lover at the wish of her father—whom we do not see at all—in the most docile and exasperating manner. Our respect for the woman is not strengthened when, later, we discover that, to spite Rucello, she has married an invisible Strozzi. At the same time, we recognize the need to provide Francesca with a father. Francesca, herself, first appears as the willing instrument of vengeance upon the Dominican, by whose gentleness and forgiveness she is subdued and won. Thenceforth—that is to say, throughout the last two acts—the stage really does possess a touching embodiment of humanity, animated by pure devotion, and weighed down by self-reproach such as all can more or less estimate. Her lover, Sebastiano, who dies in defence of Savonarola, stands too far in the back-ground for much active recognition. In this respect he represents the passion that possesses him. Though the action of the story has love for its root, very little thereof is visible. There is a love-scene in the prologue, and that is all. Thus deprived of the sympathetic interest which love never fails to excite, the course of the drama should present variety and frequent contrast. But for these qualities we look in vain. The gloomy tale of Rucello's revenge unfolds itself in unbroken continuity, and an audience soon experiences a sense of oppression such as even Shakspeare's genius could not avert from those who follow the fortunes of King Lear. It will be assumed that the libretto of *Savonarola* did not play into the composer's hands, although it may be Mr Stanford, as a follower of Wagner, saw a recommendation in its uncompromising steadfastness of gloomy purpose, and its attendant disdain of every consideration that prompts people to look to an opera for pleasure.

Turning to the music we find in the opening scene of the prologue a typical fault against which criticism may profitably be directed. Again and again it has been our duty to censure the modern tendency towards loading operatic music with arbitrarily-imposed significance. At one time composers were thought to have answered all demands upon them when they gave expression to the obvious feeling of the words, or the motive of the situation. This forms but a part of what some theorists require of them now. They are expected to provide themselves with a number of short musical phrases each ticketed with the name of a character, feeling, or circumstance, and to employ them as indices for the recognition of a thereby much-worried public. And they are esteemed but little by the theorist in question, if their orchestra be not always engaged in forecast or retrospection: prophesying here, recalling there, and generally doing anything but attend in proper fashion to the business of the moment. The working of this method Mr Stanford has conspicuously illustrated in the scene before named. Let us look at the situation. A rich merchant in Florence is giving a fête, and outside his garden gates an ardent lover waits for a stolen interview with his mistress. We hear the guests singing gaily: "Wake, land of life and laughter, Wake with the music of mirth," and we know nothing of coming trouble—or should know nothing—did not Mr Stanford's orchestra lead up to the merry chant with a lugubrious movement in D minor, that drags along like the "wounded snake" of the Alexandrine line; and did not the same orchestra answer the stage music with equally dreary interludes. Here the composer is foreshadowing, but why? The method is not true to life, even to the life of the pessimist, who may by an intellectual effort persuade himself that the sun never shines, but cannot create a genuine presentiment of evil with which to poison enjoyment. Surely Mr Stanford's more natural and certainly more effective course was to begin with music in harmony with the opening words. But this would have been to do as Verdi in *Rigoletto*, as Meyerbeer in *Robert le Diable*, and as many other composers who had not the advantage of the light that lightens the world from Bayreuth. The day of simplicity and naturalness has passed; we are sneered at if we ask for pleasure, and the goddess of youth and laughter is one of Mr Burne Jones's angular and agonizing maidens. As Mr Stanford begins in *Savonarola* so he continues, though not in the same measure. His orchestration is too frequently over-wrought, and seeks to do too much, labouring with a significance it rarely contrives to express definitely, and behaving as though, with no music on the stage, it had been charged to run a symphony parallel to the course of the drama. This is one cause of the dulness from which the audience so grievously suffered on Wednesday night, another being the excessive use of dissonant harmony, and the undue preference of tone-colour to "figuration." Let us add, on the other hand, that *Savonarola* does not exemplify Wagnerian principles

carried out to the (exceedingly) bitter end. Mr Stanford wisely declined to encumber himself with a lot of the ticketed phrases already described, and his characters come on without their musical doubles starting up unnecessarily and impertinently in the orchestra. At the same time he has a few recurring themes, one complete melody, taken from an old church manuscript, being used to excess. It is creditable to the composer, moreover, that he often allows the stage a fair measure of tune, and does not disdain every kind of approach to form, while there are instances—too few, no doubt—of natural, unaffected, and, therefore, powerful writing. The work may, indeed, be described as a compromise between old principles and new, the new having the best of the bargain. Let us now turn from the form to the spirit of the music. Vain are all discussions about form if the true spirit be lacking to the thing debated, and if the spirit be there other matters signify little. Here there is all the difference between the quick and the dead, and it becomes important to observe that when men argue violently about forms, whether of religion or of art, it is a sign that life is ebbing or has departed. It was the professors of a dead faith who were careful to "pay tithe of mint, and anise, and cummin," while they neglected the weightier matters of the law. What are the signs that indicate the existence of a real spirit in operatic music? One is a sensible impression that the music has not been applied to, but evolved from the thoughts, feelings, and situations of the drama. The distinction is all-important. Wagner, who rarely made mistakes of the kind, was wrong in expression, if not in idea, when he talked about poetry that "yearns" for music. Genuine poetry—everything of beauty—has music in itself, and a thousand current figures of speech betray our instinctive recognition of the fact. In this relation the words of Shakspeare's Lorenzo have a universal significance, while themselves forming one of the brightest gems in the diadem that crowns the spirit of music:

"*Sit, Jessica. Look how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold!
There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins;
Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it."*

The hidden "harmony" of immortal souls and of all creation it is the province of the gifted musician, with his supernatural sense, to hear and convey. He does not *make* music, though a good deal is made by others. Hence what he transmits to us comes instinct with the beauty of perfect truth and fitness, and attended by a feeling that there could be no essentially different expression of its theme. This means power—the power of an appeal from nature to nature, not by way of the intellect, which stands aside, but directly through the mysterious perception that often brings the most uneducated into sympathy with the subtlest forms of the universal spirit. The great question is, therefore, whether the music of *Savonarola* comes out of the ideas and situations, or has been manufactured and applied. Observe that this question is wholly independent of methods and forms. We find perfect beauty and fitness somewhere in the music of all periods and modes. Those qualities irradiate a song of Handel, and a romance of Gounod; the dungeon scene in *Fidelio* and the "Mezza notte" of Flotow's *Martha*; the "Ah! non credea" of Bellini; and Lohengrin's "Farewell to the Swan." Hence it signifies nothing to the present issue whether Mr Stanford has written in this style or that. Putting the question aside, we must confess to a very strong doubt regarding the natural evolution of the *Savonarola* music. To our mind it lacks spontaneity, and smells of the workshop. It wants characterization so completely that the strains of one part might be transferred to another without exciting attention, and the occasions are very rare indeed when the hearer is conscious of being moved by any agency higher than that which appeals exclusively to physical organs. Clever the whole work is beyond a doubt. We will even say that its ability goes far beyond common. But it is art without inspiration—the statue we may admire, not the living being that we cannot help but love. From the evidence of *Savonarola* it does not appear that Mr Stanford is destined to lead the regenerators of English opera. He may do better as a composer of pure music, but there is scarcely any reason to believe that nature and training have qualified him for bringing to light that which is hidden—for making audible the harmony that eternally sounds beneath the "muddy vesture" of created things.

In a former notice we indicated the character of the performance, and need not dwell upon it now. Truth to tell, the subject is not inviting. Apart from the playing of Herr Richter's orchestra, the representation was painfully weak, and we dismiss the subject with a word of sympathy for Mr Stanford, whose music, heavily handi-

capped, had not a chance of success. The season of German opera closed on Friday night with *Lohengrin*, and now there only remains to point the moral of performances that have certainly served to show how bad German opera can be.—D. T.

MR JOHN THOMAS'S MATINÉE.

Mr John Thomas (Harpist to Her Majesty) invited his friends and patrons to a performance of music, held on Wednesday afternoon July 16th, at his house in Welbeck Street, and supported chiefly by his pupils. Consequently the programme was made up in great part of compositions written or arranged for the instrument of which Mr Thomas is universally acknowledged *facile princeps*. His talents, both as executant and arranger, were conspicuously set forth in a selection of "Schubert's songs for piano and harp"—a fresh contribution of the artist that will be held in high esteem and value by all who play, or who are interested in the sweet music of the harp. Those who generally question the propriety of touching the work of a great master could not but be struck with the peculiar grace attending the expression of the several subjects by the harp. The heart-springing melodies seemed invested with a texture as light and transparent as the gossamer web of a fairy's garb. Diversity of treatment was manifested in the setting of the selection, consisting of the "Ave Maria," "Dein is mein Herz," "Serenade," "To Sylvia," and "L'Adieu." Mrs Edmund Tattersall played the part for pianoforte with taste and feeling. During the afternoon Miss Ida Audain, Miss Warren, Miss Francis Howell, Miss Annie Jones, Miss Julia Lensy, Miss Nellie Gunston, Miss Alice Smith, Miss Fanny Davies, Miss Denny, and Mrs Gower Williams performed upon the harp either in solos, duets, or trios, while Madame Edith Wynne, Madame Enriquez, Madlle Elly Warnots, and Miss Beata Francis were the vocalists. P. G.

PRESENTATION TO SIDNEY NAYLOR, ESQ.

On Saturday evening, July 5th, there was a very large meeting of the congregation of St Michael and All Angels', North Kensington, the occasion being the presentation of a handsome testimonial to Sidney Naylor, Esq., organist and choirmaster at St Michael's since the consecration of the church fourteen years ago. St Michael's owes its great prominence—says *The West London Observer*—to the fact of the very favourable Royal patronage, added to the efforts of the energetic Vicar, Dr Ker Gray, and to the excellence of its musical services, the latter being entirely under the direction of Mr Naylor, whose energy and genius are so well known. About four years ago Mr Naylor was presented with a testimonial by the members of his choir and a few personal friends, and immediately after that time many regrets were expressed that it had not been made a general subscription, and the vicar was requested to take the subject in hand. Dr Gray, of course, gladly acceded to the request, and the present is a general and graceful act on the part of the entire congregation. The articles now presented consisted of a solid silver meat dish, a gold signet ring, a pear scarf pin, a set of gold studs, a cigar case, and a vellum address thanking Mr Naylor for his past services. The Rev. Dr Gray explained that the multiplicity of articles was owing to the fact that after the silver meat dish had been purchased and engraved more money came in, and a gold ring was bought; then more money came, and the pin was purchased; and so on until the end was reached. The presentation was made by H. P. Hughes, Esq., on the part of the subscribers, Mr Hughes being one of the oldest members of the congregation, and a particular friend of Mr Naylor. Mr Naylor, in replying, expressed his most sincere and heartfelt thanks for such a spontaneous and handsome testimonial, and only regretted that he could not thank them more; but he was a better hand at the organ than at speech-making, and added that much of the musical success was because, although the worthy Vicar, who had a great musical name as master of the big drum, he never allowed his knowledge of that instrument to interfere with his (Mr Naylor's) knowledge of the organ. Speeches were afterwards made by the Rev. T. Evans, the Rev. J. Hannum, G. F. Bambridge, Esq., (private secretary to H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh), E. M. Lander, Esq., (churchwarden), H. Raynor, Esq., (on behalf of the choir), C. Davison, Esq., J. Muris, Esq., J. Wallace, Esq., and others, each personally testifying to the great things done by Mr Naylor in the cause of church music, especially at St Michael's.

FRANCHETTI will, this year, again be manager of the Italian opera in Bucharest. (Why is our fair correspondent dumb?—Dr Blügel.)

THE BROTHERS RAYNOR IN PARIS.*

The other evening I applauded at the Folies-Bergère the two Brothers Raynor, who very modestly designate themselves *burlesque virtuosos*, and I admired the prodigiously varied nature of the talent possessed by these humble clowns, for it is sufficient to make easily a good round dozen of illustrious artists. They play with absolute correctness all instruments, drum, flute, and keyed trumpet, not planted dogmatically at a music-stand, but performing a thousand pleasantries and tricks, while, as for the piano, they tame, overpower, and force it to obey, just as Hercules did the fierce wild boar of Erymanthus. But this is nothing, for these grand virtuosos have discovered the sad, heart-rending, and horrible comic side of modern life! Just as the man of modern society, ever in mourning for dead Hope, is uniformly dressed in a black coat, they, for their part, have adopted a garb still more black; dull, sombre, without lustre, dark as court-plaster, or lamp-black, and clinging closely, like a hateful coat of Nessus, to their muscles and skin, as a supple glove clings to a woman's hand. Their faces, too, invaded and darkened by the proximity of their funeral garb, are likewise in mourning; their eyes glisten amid this fuliginous night, and an edge of living flesh is alone preserved round their mouths, which open despairingly and plaintively, like the bleeding lips of a wound. Thus accoutred, the two Raynors, while causing all the instruments of wood and brass to weep, sing, or groan, abandon themselves to the most side-splitting absurdities, but coldly and sinisterly, each of their gestures, each of their ironical grimaces expressing the weary discouragement of modern man, who, with his money and his science can have, possess, and purchase everything—yes, everything—except the divine smile!

But admire the following symbolical and profoundly human scene!—"I will sing like Mdlle Nilsson!" says, at a certain moment, one of the Brothers. He muffles up his darkened head in one of the light wigs of the colour of flame, fire, or the sun, with chignons, tresses, corkscrew curls, and hanging ringlets, which for the moment supply the place of hair. And then he does as he said he would: he sings like Mdlle Nilsson, exactly like Mdlle Nilsson, for these virtuosos possess every kind of voice, male and female, every register, and seem to have swallowed an Alboni, as Mdlle de Girardin asserted that Alboni had swallowed a nightingale. Meanwhile, the Raynor who does not sing accompanies on the piano the Raynor who does; but, as the success of the singer is immense, and as the public laugh, roar, and writhe in spasms of admiration and delight, he becomes irritated at not commanding attention on his own account, and, coming to his brother, intimates that the latter must allow him to share his triumph. The singer has very different fish to fry; he mounts and descends the sonorous scale; he dashes wildly on the veriginous gamut, while the brilliant and rich tones fly round about him like the flashing stars of fireworks.

Hereupon the pianist seizes an enormous, extravagantly large wand, broad enough to beat at one and the same time twenty Gérotes in twenty sacks, and strikes, furiously, distractedly, and with all his might, the singer, who, carried away by the fulgurant demons of harmony, is not at all aware of the fact, but continues to sing and sing, inebriated, sublime, ardent, and entranced, while the other, with straining muscles, with eyes starting from their sockets, and, with his utmost power, strikes with his wand, as though he had to rivet the chains of the Titan Prometheus. Gradually he grows tired, and, succumbing to the exertion, falls to the ground, killed, overwhelmed, shattered with fatigue and horror; then, and then only, the singer, having by chance cast down his eyes, sees the poor prostrate pianist, and carries him off like a bundle of dirty linen. Up to that moment, overpowered by his lyrical intoxication, he was thoroughly ignorant that his colleague was showering upon him, as thick as hail, blows calculated to fell an ox. But no, I am wrong; for a fleeting instant he raised his head in an absent manner, like a man with a vague idea that he has heard at a distance some sound or other. Thus did Victor Hugo, when Gustave Planche was writing his ferocious articles against him.

Well, now, is not this apologue well worth that which the fabulist called "The Serpent and the File"? What constitutes its beauty is the fact of its being true from every point of view, for there is no need of genius—a fashion, a custom, suffices to hinder anyone from feeling the most disagreeable blows. Fre-

* From the *National* of the 30th June, 1879.

quently at the Opera, when I see my neighbours in ecstasies as they listen to fine music sung to monstrous verses, I say to a friend of mine among them: "If you had any ear, M. Scribe's cacophony would exasperate as much as Meyerbeer's sublime harmony charms you!"—"No," is the reply; "not at all, because I like the music, and do not trouble myself about the verses." The mute reasoning of the Brother Raynor is not more strange than this, because he does not trouble his head about the blows with the wand, while he delights in imitating Mdlle Nilsson and, like her, in singing a mysterious plaint of love!—A great many other things, also, are to be seen at that wonderful place, the Folies-Bergère, as, for instance, the Girl-Clowns (*Les Jeunes Filles clowns*) of the Mathews Company; does not this assemblage of words say alone more than all a long poem and even a faultless sonnet? There is, also, the grand aerial vaulting of the three little Vol-Becques. THÉODORE DE BANVILLE.

SONG OF SISERA.

(From an unpublished Cantata, entitled "Deborah.")

RECIT.

As tiger leaps when brought to bay,
As darts the serpent on its prey,
So shall my valiant host of braves
Sweep down upon these Hebrew slaves.

AIR.

Unfurl the red standard of war,
On high let the clarion swell,
Come forth in your might from afar
This rising rebellion to quell.
The stars in their courses may fight,
The elements join in the fray,
But nothing can check our advance—
Then forward to plunder and slay.
Unfurl the red standard, &c.

Onward, brave sons of the Gentile,
Ride onward with sword and with fire,
O'er Kishon's broad river we'll dash,
To trample these slaves in the mire.
Swift vengeance shall sweep o'er the land,
Each faint-hearted rebel to smite,
Like blood-hounds we'll follow the track
Of those who escape from the fight.
Unfurl the red standard, &c.

Copyright.

WETSTAR.

MDME MARIE ROZE.

The following letter appeared a short time ago in the *Bradford Telegraph*:—

"—, Kensington.

"Dear Madame,—I write this to show my respect for one who has shown me what true singing is. I had a strange idea that I had heard singing before I heard your voice, but I was mistaken. I heard you sing in *Il Trovatore* some months ago, and the remembrance is still clear in my brain. I to-night waited outside Drury Lane Theatre until your departure, and followed your carriage home, not from impertinence, but from the pure desire to express my gratitude for some of the happiest moments of my life. As you left your carriage, I passed and lifted my hat out of respect to you. You may have noticed me, but if not, I suppose I must not be discontented. You will think this strange language, but I cannot express what I should like to say. If you choose to give yourself the necessary exertion to acknowledge this letter, you will leave another grateful atom of humanity. I don't mean to insult you by proposing that you should pen a line to me, but I will for some time live in the hope that such a thing may happen.—Believe me, dear Madame, to remain, yours respectfully,

"For Madame Marie Roze.

"P.S.—I enclose this lock of my hair as a token by which you may remember me, or rather my letter."

[Colonel Henry Mapleson is to be seen daily in his garden practising with a Colt's revolver, prior to wending his way to Kensington.]

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MELIOT DE LOGRIS.—Skaal ! All good wishes to *ambo*.

NEMO.—M. Joseph D'Ortigue, the former colleague, was also the immediate successor of Berlioz in the *Journal des Débats*, before the composer of *Sigurd* undertook the post of musical critic.

A PATTITE.—Mme Adeline Patti has signed for Paris—but under conditions. So it is said.

DEATH.

On July the 12th, at West Dulwich, aged 64, J. G. WAETZIG, Sergt.-Trumpeter to the Queen, and late of Her Majesty's private band. Friends will please receive this intimation.

To ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JULY 19, 1884.

PAULINE LUCCA INTERVIEWED.

(*Si non e vero e mal trovato.*)

Fancy—our own Pauline interviewed! Our own Paulinetta! Our wayward, impetuous, much affected *prima donna*! Impossible! And yet it must be so, for is it not spread out in no less weighty a half sheet than *The Evening News*? The fact is incontestable. Paper and ink are there to attest it. The interviewer, instead of a Londoner or Northumbrian on a visit to the U.S., is an American sojourning in London. His style bears sharp affinity to that of the *Pall Mall Gazette* emissary, who put the thumbscrew on Carl Salvator Rosa and would fain, but for Rosa's suppleness of sinew and subtlety of brain, have broken that manager on the wheel. The narrative of the transaction—headed *An Interview with Lucca, her opinions on music, musicians, and audiences* (theatres and capital cities should have been included, both being touched upon)—is ushered in by a prelude, the ingenuous artlessness of which is singular in this age of methodical ventosity, when every young composer carries about him a band-box full of "Leit-motives," and their earliest efforts are organic holes. Take it in its quiddity:—

"While listening the other night to one who seems to me to stand almost alone among *prime donne*, by right not only of histrionic and vocal powers, but also by charm of person and manner, it struck me that most Londoners would care to hear what Lucca thought of her art, of artists, and of her audiences—in fine, of everything connected in any remotest degree with music or with herself. Accordingly I wrote to her on behalf in especial of the readers of the *Evening News*, and asked her for an interview. With her usual frank courtesy she granted my request *sans phrase*, and on Sunday last I made my way to the house which she calls home when in London, and the windows of which look out upon Hyde Park. The *diva* met me at the door of her sitting-room on the first floor with outstretched hand, and my first words of thanks for her kindness, spoken in German, seemed to remove all restraint. She answered me in the same tongue, with the soft Vienna enunciation which is so pleasant by virtue of its broad vowel-sounds. Many a year had elapsed since I first saw Lucca—I beg her pardon, the Baroness of Wallhofen—in Vienna. A party of us, English and Americans, studying in Munich had suddenly resolved that twelve hours' imprisonment in a railway carriage would be fairly compensated by hearing her in Mozart's *Così fan tutte*. Nor were we mistaken; indeed, some of us, if I recollect aright, resolved at first sight and hearing of her that we could pursue our studies with far greater profit and pleasure to ourselves in Vienna than in Munich, and we chaffed those of our companions who decided upon returning to King Ludwig's capital on their insane predilection for Bavarian beer. In the interval Lucca had changed but little; in fact, I could without difficulty picture her again, as I first saw her, dressed as a doctor, and enjoy again in imagination the piquancy of her appearance and the sweetness of her voice. But reality was soon to outdo memory! In the room with her was a man whose name is honoured by all in England who care for what Plato called "the divinest of all the arts," and seeing that the piano was open, and that Lucca had just been singing, I prayed

her not to let me interrupt her, and so had the pleasure of hearing a song rendered as she alone can render it whose voice adapts itself with ease to all requirements of space, and who is herself always natural and unaffected. After the music was over, and the *maestro* had left us, we sat down for a chat, and hearing her speak I noticed what I had not noticed while she sang—that she was a little hoarse."

"On asking her the cause, she answered, 'Oh, it comes from the draughts in that theatre. To sing in Covent Garden is like singing in the open air, or rather it is like singing in a tempest caused by several gales of wind which all blow from different quarters. It is frightful! In that respect Covent Garden is the worst stage in Europe.'"

Thus much for Covent Garden! Next to this dynamitic explosion, however, we have something about melody which may help to pickle rabid Wagnerites:—

"I then remarked that, as she always sang in Italian opera, I supposed one might take it for granted that she preferred that school of music. 'Yes,' she answered, 'I think I do; at least, I should like to say that I prefer music which has melody in it to music which pretends to be scientific. The piece I like best of all is *Le Domino Noir*, but I like, too, very much the little thing you remind me that you first heard me in—*Così fan tutte*. It is charming, and I cannot understand why they don't put it upon the stage here in London. I suppose it is too short for them; the people here, it would seem, appreciate long pieces. They think they thus get more for their money. They are so business-like!! But I like the melody of the Italian and French opera better than our own German music; the one often carries me away while much of the other leaves me cold. I ought, too, to be able to speak here without prejudice, as my mother was German, while my father was Italian.'"

The portentous Wagner question itself is then broached by the curious interviewer, and answered by the intrepid little dame with a frankness and *indépendance de cause* thoroughly characteristic of her nature. *On dirait comme du veau*:—

"Taking the cue, I asked her what she thought of Wagner and his operas. Her answer was a most expressive shrug and little shiver, as if the mere name had the effect upon her of a cold *douche*; but then she said, 'Once, and once only, they persuaded me to try it. I chose the second act of *Lohengrin*, and studied—oh, how I studied!—but without effect. Look you! Wagner's music can only get into or come from heads framed expressly for it, and mine does not accommodate itself to that category. Our German music is fine—oh, very fine! Beethoven's *Fidelio* is'—and hands and eyes went up in most expressive pantomime—'but it is not my genre. Furthermore, I believe that most persons who rave (*schwaermen*) about Wagner's music affect an admiration of it which they don't feel. They can expatiate about it as much as they please; it is beyond most of us.'"

"Speaking of that, I said, 'Albani does not seem to agree with you. She succeeded admirably the other night as Elsa, and seems, too, to like the music.' 'Yes,' answered Lucca, without a trace of envy, 'so I hear. I heard also that she pronounced the German almost without accent, and that is wonderful. My opinion of Wagner's music is, of course, purely personal. I can't change my nature—and wouldn't on this point, even if I could,' she added, with a *moue*."

That the Wagner point is henceforth and for ever settled, nevertheless, who can doubt after this? Pauline has done it—"with a *moue*."

(*To be continued in our next.*)

The *Musical Courier* of New York says that, according to report, it is now settled that Mr Gye is to be the new manager of the Metropolitan Operahouse in the Empire City.

Mme CHRISTINE NILSSON has returned to England. Surely she will get up a performance of *Lohengrin* at Her Majesty's Theatre, with a scratch German company? Who can ever forget her Elsa? And who does not know that she pronounces the German language like a native? The musical critic of *The World* informs his readers, in a confidential tone (*more suo*), that she has declined singing for Mr Gye at the New York Metropolitan, £500 a performance not meeting her expectations. Seeing that Mme Patti (according to report) has stipulated with Colonel Mapleson for £800 a night, this is not surprising. Had Catalani been living in these days, she would have demanded £10,000 an *aria*. The famous "*quelques pouspons*" (as now) would be not far to seek. And how about the salaries of orchestra, chorus, conductor, &c.?

CONCERTS.

THE concert for the Warwick Street Schools, on Tuesday morning, June 24, was a great musical and pecuniary success. Many eminent artists assisted, and each earned well merited applause. A feature of interest in the concert was the appearance in public of the young and much promising son of Mr Charles Hallé, the great conductor and pianist. Mr Clifford Hallé sang Handel's "Mi da speranza," and Gounod's "Maid of Athens," showing in both that he is already an accomplished vocalist. The young artist has undoubtedly a great future before him.—S. L.

MR AND MRS F. B. JEWSON gave a musical "at home" at their residence in Manchester Street on Saturday evening, July 12th. The pianoforte playing of Miss Ellen Edridge and Miss Ellam gave every satisfaction, while the singing of Mmes Edith Holman Andrews, Ada Iggulden, and Mrs Harvey calls for special mention. The programme was varied by the finished violin playing of Mdm Dunbar Perkins and an amusing musical sketch by Mr Morant, the energetic honorary secretary to the Insurance Musical Society. There was a large and distinguished audience, including many well known musical faces, and dancing was indulged in to a late hour after supper.

CAMDEN ROAD.—Who has not felt the keen sense of pleasure to be derived by a walk in the sweet spring-time through a well-trimmed garden, as the buds were bursting their petals, and, one by one, disclosing their charms and diffusing their fragrance to every wanton breeze? A kindred feeling must have been awakened in the minds of those present at the *matinée* of Misses Nellie and Kate Chaplin, given in Clifton Hall, York Road, Camden Road, on the afternoon of July 9, for the purpose of illustrating the results of their method of tuition. The pupils who had met to "report progress" ranged from the tiny mite of six to the adolescent of fourteen, and their efforts generally were of such a nature as to reflect highly on the skill of their teachers. "Never prophesy unless you know," is a safe dictum to apply to the promise held out by juvenile performers, but in one case at least the young lady who played a violin solo by Dancla (Ballade and Polka) deserves a word of encouragement to prosecute her studies with all her heart and with all her mind, and she may yet reach the goal of her aspirations. This hint is also given, in confidence, to the other young lady who played, without music, a scherzo by Ravina. The programme comprised vocal and instrumental selections with several good recitations. At the close there was an arrangement of the Toy Symphony, by Marlois, performed by a number of young friends, Miss Nellie Chaplin presiding at the pianoforte.—WETSTAR.

AT Mr and Mrs Partington Gower's "at home" on July 13th, in their elegant suite of rooms at "Queen's Mansions," many distinguished members of the dramatic and musical world assisted and contributed to the charm of one the most delightful assemblies of the season. Miss Eastlake, Mrs Bernard Bere, Mrs Fairfax, Miss Florence Maryatt, Mr Clifford Harrison, &c., contributed some very amusing "Recitations." Mdm Zimeri sang several vocal pieces, eliciting great applause, especially for her delivery of Meyerbeer's "Nobil Signor" (*Les Huguenots*). Miss Lillie Albrecht gained golden opinions for her clever performance on the pianoforte, and Signor Carlo Ducci admirably filled the post of accompanist. The party did not break up till a late hour.

A CHARMING concert was given by Mdm Florence Grant at her residence, Kennington Park Road, on Monday, June 30th. The programme opened with a piano solo by Wollenhaupt, played by Mr Norman Abbott. Mdm Grant then gave, with genuine expression, Goldberg's song, "Lovely Maid," accompanied by the composer. Mr Dyved Lewys followed with two songs by Mrs Vivian, Mdm Grant and Mdlle Ameris afterwards giving with great effect Goldberg's popular duet, "Vieni la barca é pronta." The other vocalists were Mdm Pearsall Clarke, Mdlle Louzeau-Coudrais (who sang with decided effect a "Stornello" by Samuelli), and Mr Quatre-mayne. The instrumentalists included Fraulein Marianne Eissler (violin), Fraulein Emmy (her sister—pianoforte), and Herr Schubert (violoncello). We must not omit to mention the duet from Verdi's *Traviata*, "Parigi o cara," delightfully sung by Mdm Florence Grant and Mr Dyved Lewys. Signor Goldberg conducted. The rooms were crowded, and the concert passed off with great spirit, everybody being delighted with the music, as well as with the amiable hostess, who was profuse in her hospitality to her guests.

MISS MURIEL CAMPBELL, an accomplished elocutionist, gave a *matinée musicale et dramatique* in the handsome concert room of the Grosvenor Hotel on Wednesday, July 16, under very distinguished patronage. The entertainment was eminently successful. The singers were Mdlle Roselli, Mdlle Louzeau-Coudrais, Mdm Beati, Miss F. Jones, and Fraulein Leopoldi Wagner; Signors E. Bianchi and Samuelli were the pianists, and Signorina Vittoria de Bono,

violinist. The "reciters" were Mdlle Louzeau-Coudrais, Mr Charles Duval, and Miss Muriel Campbell. The concert began by Signors Bianchi and Samuelli playing a pianoforte duet by Mendelssohn, and concluded by Miss Jones, Fraulein Wagner, and Signor Samuelli, singing Leslie's trio, "Memory," the intermediate songs being "Una voce poco fa," brilliantly vocalized by Mdlle Roselli; "O mio Fernando," from Donizetti's *La Favorita*, by Mdlle Beati; some "melodies" composed by Denza, sung by Mdlle Coudrais; an "Aubade," by Samuelli, sung by the composer, and other well-known compositions.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

The following is the list of successful candidates at the local examination of the R.A.M. held this year at Eastbourne:—SENIOR DIVISION—Honours: Emma Geering (pupil of Dr Sangster); Edward James Sangster (Mr A. Burnett). Passed: Edith Elizabeth Fletcher (Miss Francken); Mabel Mallam (Dr Sangster); Edith Hay Sangster (Dr Sangster). JUNIOR DIVISION—Passed: Agnes Monica Edwards, aged 15 (Dr Sangster); Eleanor Frances Fletcher, aged 12 (Miss Francken); Isabel Mary Payne, aged 14 (Miss Pace's School—Dr Sangster); Edith Phillips, aged 15 (Mrs Withers' School—Dr Sangster). All these "passed" for the pianoforte, with the exception of E. J. Sangster, whose instrument was the violin.

At Gloucester Miss Emily Mary Godsel (Great Malvern) gained two senior certificates in pianoforte-playing and harmony, including counterpoint. She was a pupil of Mr H. W. Wareing, Mus.B., Cantab. (pianoforte and harmony), and of the late Sir Sterndale Bennett, Mus.D., Cantab. (pianoforte). Examiner, Mr Brinley Richards.

MONTIGNY-RÉMAURY, the pianist, intends making a concert-tour next winter in Germany.

ERNEST REYER.—After the production of his *Sigurd* at Covent Garden, this gentleman intends going down for three months to Dauphiné, and taking with him the first three acts of the libretto written by Camille du Locle, and founded on Gustave Flaubert's *Salammbô*.

CARLSRUHE.—At a recent concert, as the band were about to perform Wagner's "Kaisermarsch," Pauline Viardot, Marie Jaell, and Camille Saint-Saëns rose from their seats, and left the concert-room. Would it not have been better if the distinguished artists, who are so patriotically sensitive, had previously assured themselves that the programme contained nothing which could possibly offend their extremely delicate national susceptibilities? They should take care to do so for the future, as long as they stop in Germany.

"ANOTHER BOOM IN AMERICAN DUCATS."—Such is the heading of the following paragraph in *The Musical Courier* of New York: "The report has gone the round of the press that the heirs of Richard Wagner have refused an offer of 250,000 dollars from an American for the exclusive right to perform *Parisfal*. This is more like a pure newspaper invention than many other paragraphs that cause a transient sensation. The personality of the 'American' seems to have been left to the imagination, always a safe proceeding in such far-fetched inventions."

COLLEGE OF ORGANISTS' EXAMINATION.—Among the successful candidates who have passed the College of Organists' Examination for Associateship is Mr Arthur Boyes, assistant organist at St Patrick's Church and organist of the Brighton and Hove choral society. He was a pupil of Dr Sawyer. Mr F. Butler, organist of the Chapel Royal and the Brighton Aquarium, obtained the diploma of fellowship at the examination at the College of Organists, London, last week. The honour is the highest granted by the College, and Mr Butler is the fourth organist in Brighton who is its happy possessor.

FIRE AT THE ALBERT HALL.—On Wednesday evening, July 16, shortly after nine o'clock, a fire occurred at the Albert Hall, which might have proved of a very serious character. The pupils' concert of the Royal College of Music had been given in the western theatre at half-past seven, and concluded at nine. All the pupils and their friends had gone, when flames were observed rising from the roof above the sun-light which had illuminated the theatre during the concert. Fortunately the fire hose of the establishment was in excellent working order and the water abundant, and in a quarter of an hour the fire was extinguished. Had the accident taken place when the room was thronged with pupils, professors, and friends, it is probable that many deaths would have been the result.

SUNDAY MUSICAL SERVICES IN LEEDS.

(From the "Leeds Express.")

No. 1.—THE PARISH CHURCH.

The fame of the choral services in our own Parish Church of St Peter is not confined to Yorkshire. Ever since the days of the dear old vicar, Dr Hook, the elaborate musical services inaugurated by him have been pointed to as models, not only in England, but wherever the English Church has planted her foot. It is true that at first the attempt was not quite successful, but when Dr Samuel Sebastian Wesley was, in 1840, induced to leave his appointment in Exeter Cathedral for a similar office at the Leeds Parish Church, at a salary of £200 per annum (guaranteed for ten years), matters were soon changed; for not only was Wesley then in his prime (about 35 years of age), but he had already attained to the highest fame as an organist, composer, and choir-master. It is therefore not to be wondered at that under his *régime* and direction the services speedily attained to a comparatively high state of perfection, although it may be admitted that the occasional eccentricities of the Doctor militated, now and then, against the perfect rendering of the music so much desired by the vicar and his devoted curates. Organists, and lovers of music generally, flocked from all parts to hear the services, and also to listen to Dr Wesley's beautiful organ-playing; and indeed this latter was a treat of no ordinary character when the Doctor was in form. It must, however, be borne in mind that, notwithstanding the genius of Dr Wesley, he laboured under the disadvantage of playing upon an instrument greatly inferior to that which is now under the control of the present organist, Dr Creser.

Not only was Wesley's extemporaneous Fugues and Voluntaries marvellous creations of power and genius, as music, but his registration of the stops, fine organ touch, and great execution, as well as his regulation and variety of organ tone, produced on the minds of those who had the pleasure to listen to him both astonishment and delight. These were indeed happy and improving times to those who, like myself, had the privilege and advantage of listening and being with this great master of music constantly. On Dr Wesley's appointment to Winchester, in 1847, he was succeeded by Mr R. S. Burton, who for over 30 years kept up the choir in a state of high efficiency, and played the organ with much brilliancy and effect. During his time the services and anthems were carried out on the same principles as they were in Dr Wesley's days, but his hands were greatly strengthened, and his organ resources increased by the addition of a splendid new swell to the organ, built by Messrs Hill & Son, of London, and also some valuable new stops in the other parts of the instrument, by the celebrated German builder, Herr Schulze. These valuable additions, as well as the recent rebuilding of the organ (now one of the finest church organs in Christendom), were chiefly due to the generosity, knowledge, and indomitable perseverance of our townsman, Mr Walker Joy, for many years an able and zealous churchwarden.

In 1880 Mr Burton resigned his appointment, and was succeeded by the present organist, Dr Wm. Creser, who was promoted from St Martin's, Scarborough, where he had been engaged in directing a service chiefly of a Gregorian character. The desire of the present esteemed Vicar, Dr Gott, that the services of the church should be maintained at a high point of excellence has been most ably seconded by his accomplished precentor, the Rev. N. Egerton Leigh, who has, in conjunction with the organist, secured some of the finest voices and ablest singers in Yorkshire to swell the "Hymn of Praise" in that noble sanctuary, wherein the services are equal to most, and scarcely surpassed by any, of the cathedral choirs in the United Kingdom. What a boon and a privilege this should be to the inhabitants of a great commercial town like Leeds, with its large population and assumed musical proclivities! The choir at present consists of about 50 voices—30 boy trebles and 20 men singers—nearly all of whom possess fine-toned voices, which blend together in producing the sweetest harmony. The two leading boys, Masters Whatmore and Peacock, are unfortunately nearly at the end of their choristership, but there are so many other youthful and clever aspirants to choir fame, that no doubt their places will readily be filled. Many of the altos possess lovely voices, amongst whom are Messrs Barrass, Wilson, C. Wright, and Fawcett; the tenors have at their head that admirable vocalist, Mr C. Blagbro, who is well supported by Messrs Nunns, Robinson, and Pansire; and the basses (as they always are in Yorkshire) are full and resonant in tone, including the names of Messrs Morton, France, Atha, &c.

It was my pleasure and privilege to attend the service on Trinity Sunday, and, taken altogether, rarely have I heard one more beautifully and devotionally rendered. There was no processional hymn, the organist playing, whilst the clergy and choir took their places, a soft voluntary by Archer. The Confession was monotonous throughout, the more modern pretty cadences, which were per-

mitted to be sung for some years, being now, happily, excluded. The whole of the versicles, &c., were the beautiful and time-honoured work of Tallis. The *Venite* was sung to a single chant by Nares, and the Psalms for the day to a double chant in A minor and major by Battishill. I very much doubt if the major adaptation of this chant was written by Battishill, any more than was the chord of the six-four preceding the tonic at the end of the second phrase. A fine effect has always been obtained at the Parish Church by the basses alone giving out, in impressive unison, the first half of the chant, the second half being followed by the full choir. It might, perhaps, have been an improvement if there had been a little more variety of expression and power in the chanting of the Psalms, in every verse of which their lies a "point to seize," and the perception of this point will give a feeling in the rendition which will be taken as coming from the heart, although, in fact, it may be only from the lips. The choir, I venture to think, stand as precursors to the congregation, and their delivery of the poetry of the Psalms will govern the delivery of the congregation. Every syllable should be distinctly uttered—no gabble, no hurry. It would be as well that every church choir should have a master in this phonic science, in order that the Psalms shall be chanted in rhythmic rule—every verse, in fact, marked out as to its harmonious form in language. I need not say how gratifying it was to me to hear the service of my life-long friend, the late Henry Smart, sung with such power and expression. Of this work I may perhaps be permitted to repeat, what I have said elsewhere, that it is agreed by the most eminent church musicians there is nothing more complete or beautiful of its class in the whole range of music, and nothing, indeed, can be more plain or straightforward, and, at the same time, more appropriate to the words of the grand Ambrosian hymn than the opening phrases, "We praise Thee, O God; we acknowledge Thee to be the Lord." For dignity, power, and a grand conception of the text, we must go on to that part of the *Te Deum* commencing, "When Thou tookest upon Thee to deliver man." The manner in which this sublime passage is built up, rising chord upon chord with rich and flowing music, seems as if it would never stop until it reached the gates of heaven itself. It would, I think, be an improvement, of which the composer himself approved, if the closing phrase of this sublime *Te Deum* were sung slower and very *piano* instead of in strict and unrelenting time. Smart's *Te Deum* is a pattern in plan and execution. It has served to create an emulative feeling, to open new fountains, and to justify and encourage freedom in form and a strong exhibition of individual spirit. The Creed of St Athanasius was sung to Tallis's old two-note chant, consisting of C and B only in the melody, and this becomes somewhat monotonous unless a great power of tone and expression be given to certain passages of the text, especially at the words "but One God," &c., which is greatly enhanced by a slow and deliberate accentuation. The "Introit" (which formerly was an antiphon sung whilst the priest proceeded to the altar to celebrate Mass) was, "How lovely are the messengers," from Mendelssohn's *St Paul*, and the "Anthem," an extract from Spohr's *Last Judgment*, "And lo! a throne," with the *Sanctus* following. Both of these were sung with good taste, and in the latter the beautiful voice of Mr Blagbro was heard to great advantage in the solos. It would, perhaps, have been more satisfactory if one of the anthems had been by an English composer, and surely there could have been no difficulty in finding such a work. The only hymn sung was, "Holy, Holy, Holy," to Dykes' well-known tune, *Trinity*, in which the congregation joined with great devotional fervour. The Post Communion Service was Tours in F, and, excellent as it is in its way, I could not help regretting that Smart's magnificent setting was not taken so as to have continued his services throughout the day. The whole of this important part of the service, especially the unaccompanied responses and hymn, exhibited in the highest degree the efficiency of the choir. It has been truly said that the high choir service of our Church was made out of the office of Morning Prayer. The Communion Office or mass is, of course, the high musical service in the Latin Church; but our English Communion Office, until within these few years, was a sober, secret, and almost somniferous celebration, without choir, and almost without communicants. And so it is now in too many of our local churches. But more of this hereafter.

The service was concluded with what is known as Stainer's "Amen," introduced first in St Paul's Cathedral for which it was specially written. It contains some fine harmonical progressions, and is undoubtedly very cleverly put together, but there are two bars therein so very much like one of Palestrina's celebrated works as would almost cause me to mistake one for the other. During the departure of the congregation, Dr Creser played an expressive little voluntary on the sweet stops of the echo and choir organs, which were, I believe, voiced by Schulze himself.

On special occasions—Christmastide and Lent—oratorios are

given in the parish church with increased musical resources, and greatly, I am persuaded, to the religious edification of those who attend them. Listening to an oratorio or an anthem is no direct act of worship, whether in or out of a church, nor is listening to a sermon; but the hearing of an oratorio is, with that of hearing a sermon, a religious act, and commonly a much more profitable and instructive employment of time.

I will conclude this notice by observing that all church music should be of so exalted a character as will delight the genuine composer, exhilarate the organist and singers, and stimulate each and all to exert their utmost abilities for the attainment of a musical service as faultless as possible.

WILLIAM SPARK, Mus. D.

FORGOTTEN.

My heart was glad when early dawn
Told of the coming happy morn;
Thrice happy that fair day would be,
For my lover was journeying home to me.
"Oh! sweet to be loved, and know not why"—
That was my gladsome morning cry.

And I was filled with joyous pride,
As down the street I watched him ride;
But never a smile he gave that day,
Not e'en a glance, but passed away.
"Oh! hard to be spurned, and know not why"—
That was my sorrowing noonday cry.

Sad was my heart when the midnight hour
Sounded its notes from the village tower;
Where should I lay my weary head?
Life was wounded—love was dead.
"When love is o'er, how sweet to die!"—
That was my wailing midnight cry.

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H. VINCENT BARWELL.

ASTORGA'S "STABAT MATER."—The London Musical Society at its second concert on Thursday week earned the gratitude of all lovers of serious music by the performance of a work which, although written for the "Society of Antient Musick of London," and executed at Oxford more than a century and a half ago, has hitherto had little honour in the land of its birth. Astorga, in his long and romantic career, came to London in the early years of the last century, and during his brief stay composed what is generally acknowledged to be his masterpiece, the *Stabat Mater* revived on Thursday night. In this work the grand traditions of Palestrina and the Belgian school appear combined with the richer melodic development and more individual expression which characterize modern music, sacred and profane. In the choruses Astorga's counterpoint is always scholarly, sometimes severe. In the airs, duets, and the single trio, which is the gem of the work, the master shows himself deeply impressed with the tragic import of his subject. A more lovely piece of Italian cantilena could, moreover, scarcely be imagined than the soprano solo, "Sancta mater," which Miss Carlotta Elliott sang with charm of voice and remarkable purity of style. Among examples of sonorous beauty should also be mentioned the amply developed "Amen" which (*pace* Berlioz) brings the work to an appropriate close. Altogether it strikes one how much poetic beauty Astorga has succeeded in giving to his subject in spite of a mode of treatment so diametrically opposed to the modern principle, in which the words have become the mainspring of the melodic inspiration, while to the earlier masters they were little more than a general suggestion. Critics who condemn on principle and *à priori* all music written by a dilettante, should remember that the *Stabat Mater* was produced by one who was a nobleman by birth and a diplomatist by profession. The performance of the work was by far the most successful effort as yet achieved by the London Musical Society, and reflected the highest credit on its able and energetic conductor, Mr Barnby. The choral singing was as refined as it was accurate, and the soli were upon the whole satisfactorily represented by Miss Carlotta Elliott, Miss Wakefield, Herr A. Friedmann, and Herr von Zar-Mühlen, the Russian tenor, who was prevented by indisposition from doing justice to his voice and style. The second and miscellaneous part of the concert contained several items of interest to which we might refer at length were space at hand. Suffice it to add that the proceedings were varied by some pianoforte pieces of her own composition excellently rendered by Miss Marie Wurm, a pupil of Mme Schumann.—*Times*.

EXCERPTS FROM PARKE'S MUSICAL MEMOIRS.

EXCERPT No. 58.

(Continued from page 422.)

1811.

On the 6th of January Mme Bertinotti performed in the serious opera *Zaira* for the fifth time, with increased effect. Catalani, who was skilled in all the arts of her profession, knowing that the town would not be well filled till the latter part of January, and fearing that her popularity might suffer by performing to thin houses, did not choose to appear till Saturday the 22nd of January, when she performed in an entire new demi-character opera, called *Le tre Sultane*. The music was by Pucita. She was received with general greetings, and her voice and execution were as perfect as ever. Naldi and Signora Collini performed admirably. The music of this opera is light and pleasing. A new serious opera was produced for the first time on the 5th of March, called *Phedra*. The music, composed by Signor F. Radicati (husband to Mme Bertinotti), was generally good, and the finale to the first act, and the duet, "Consola quest'anima" (feelingly sung by Bertinotti and Tramezzani), are masterly compositions. Catalani produced for her benefit a new opera, called *Climene*, in which she, for the first time, sang Rode's theme and difficult variations with great effect. The one in arpeggios was a surprising effort, and was rapturously and deservedly applauded. "God save the King" was called for, and sung twice by Catalani, with as great a profusion of flourishes as ever. It may not be amiss to state that the female Italian singers do not generally change their names when married, or, if they do make any alteration, they merely add the name of their husband to their own.

The oratorios at Covent Garden Theatre commenced with a selection on the 1st of March. Mme Catalani sang "Holy, holy" and "The soldier tired" (in the latter she was encored), and Mrs Dickons, "Sweet Bird," as well as Dr Boyce's charming duet, "Together let us range the fields," with Incledon, which was also repeated.

I dined with a large party of ladies and gentlemen at the villa of Mrs B——t, in Surrey, on the Saturday in Passion-week. Amongst the company were Dignum, the well-known vocalist, and his daughter, who were both Roman Catholics. Whilst the rest of the party were partaking of a dinner, which consisted of all the delicacies of the season, it was observed that Miss Dignum partook of nothing, though her father was eating with as much appetite as if he had just returned from a fox-chase. Sitting opposite to Dignum, I said to him: "How comes it that you can enjoy the good things of the table while your daughter is not permitted to taste of them?" "O," said he, smiling, "I have got a dispensation!" "Why," added I, "did you not procure for your daughter a similar indulgence to that which you obtained for yourself?" "Oh, my dear boy," replied he, "that would never have done, for it would have cost me half-a-crown!" He died worth thirty thousand pounds.

The inconvenience experienced by the young lady before-mentioned, in consequence of her father's parsimony, brings to my recollection a similar privation under which the hero of the following almost-forgotten anecdote smarted: Some city tradesmen having agreed to take a dinner together on a fast-day at Clapham, one of them, a Roman Catholic, who did not choose to go to the expense of purchasing a dispensation, had consented to be of the party, on the proviso that he should be allowed to eat only of what he thought proper. When the day had arrived they sat down to an excellent dinner, and fish forming a part of it, the Romanist ate very heartily. He was not, however, insensible to the blushing charms of a fine Westmoreland ham, which occupied a distinguished place amongst the other dishes on the table; but as he could not without a violation of conscience partake of it then, he papered and put some slices of it into his pocket, to enable him to gratify his longing desire the following day.

During their journey home at night, whilst the weather was lowering, and some distant thunder was occasionally heard, the Romanist made two or three efforts to get an unobserved slice of his favourite meat, which he had no sooner touched than he quitted, owing to a recurrence at the same moment of the phenomenon. When the party, however, had arrived near their homes, and were going over London Bridge, notwithstanding the late elementary warnings, he could not resist the increased impulse he felt to taste the ham, and having taken out of his pocket one of the slices, just as he was on the point of putting it into his mouth, a loud clap of thunder bursting directly over their heads, he in disappointment and anger threw it into the Thames, exclaiming: "What a fuss is here about a paltry slice of ham!"

Dussek, the favourite pianoforte player, died in Paris on the 17th of August, 1810. Dussek for several years delighted the ladies in England by his excellent performance. He was a highly finished

player, his execution was brilliant, his music pleasing, and he displayed great taste and expression. When Dussek left England, in 1799, he proceeded to Germany to Prince —, who played the pianoforte almost as well as himself. They feasted together every day on music, and washed it down with good old hock. This happy style of living was, however, interrupted, by Talleyrand requesting the Prince to permit Dussek to form one of his establishment in Paris for the purpose of teaching some members of his family; and this request being made at the time Bonaparte had acquired his ascendancy in Germany, it was of course immediately complied with. Dussek had entered into advantageous terms with Talleyrand (Prince of Benevento). His salary was eight hundred Napoleons a year. He had a table for three persons, whereby he was enabled to entertain two friends every day, and no restraint was imposed on him but that of dining with his patron when he saw company. This life of ease and indulgence suited Dussek well; he became very corpulent and inactive, which bringing on disease, after a short illness he departed this life, regretted by all those who were capable of appreciating superior musical talent.

A new romance, called *The Peasant Boy*, was represented at the Lyceum Theatre on the 1st of January by the Drury Lane company. The music, by Kelly, was much admired. This piece, which became very popular, was written by Mr Dimond, a respectable dramatist, though not a diamond of the first water.

A concert was given on the 3rd of May, at the concert room of the King's Theatre, for the benefit of Mr Weichsell, leader of the opera band, where an elegant and numerous audience was attracted to hear Mrs Billington sing for the last time in public. On that occasion she gave a fine composition of Cimarosa's, and "The soldier tir'd," in which she seemed determined to leave a lasting impression of her extraordinary powers on her hearers. Her performance being ended, she curtsied respectfully to the audience, and retired amidst loud and universal applause.

On the 25th of July a performance, consisting of *Hamlet* and Monk Lewis's popular musical piece, called *Timour the Tartar*, took place at Covent Garden Theatre for the benefit of the English prisoners in France. The house was full in every part. During the first run of the latter piece, a season or two before, in which Astley's fine horses were exhibited on the stage with surprising effect, it was said by G. C—, "It's no wonder that *Timour the Tartar* should be performed every night to overflowing houses, when it is considered that horses are so well calculated to draw!"

During the latter part of this season Lord Barrymore having come one evening into the orchestra of Covent Garden Theatre to witness the performance of an opera, invited me to sup with him. I had recently recovered from a severe illness, therefore I declined his invitation; but on his pressing me to oblige him, and assuring me I should only take what quantity of wine I thought proper, I consented, and accompanied him, his brother, and Mr W. Ware, the leader of the band, to the Bedford Coffee-house, under the piazza of Covent Garden. We had for supper roasted oysters and cold boiled beef, some claret, and one bottle of champagne. At twelve o'clock, Lord Barrymore having paid four pounds for a few shell fish, &c., left us for one of the club houses, where the noble members pass the night in play, for the purpose of enjoying the alternate sensations of pleasure and pain. Lord Barrymore came to the title on the premature death of his elder brother, a young man of great dissipation, who having by his example initiated his two younger brothers, who were dependent on him, into his own principles, the manners of the three became so publicly offensive that the appellations of "Newgate," "Cripple-gate," (Lord Barrymore being lame) and "Hellgate," were conferred on them. The death of the elder brother, in the midst of his excesses, was truly awful. Being an officer in the Berkshire militia, he was appointed to the command of a guard to escort some French prisoners to their destination. On the way he halted at a small public-house, leaving the care of his curriole and a fusée in it to his groom, whilst he took some refreshment. Having taken what he required, and amused himself as usual with teaching the landlady a more expert mode of chalking up her scores, at which he was an adept, he returned in high spirits to the carriage; in getting into which his foot or some part of his dress coming in contact with the trigger of the gun, it went off and shot him dead upon the spot.

(To be continued.)

ZOLA'S "NANA."—The King of the Maoris and suite, on Tuesday evening, July 15, paid a visit to the Egyptian Hall, where Emile Zola's "Nana" is now being exhibited. This celebrated picture, painted by Suchorowski, of St Petersburg, is now to be seen until 10 p.m. for a limited period. Subscribers' names for the engraving, &c., are received by Henry Graves & Co., 6, Pall Mall.

BERLIN.

(From a Correspondent.)

The first novelty next season at the Royal Operahouse will be the *Hero* of Ernst Frank, conductor at the Theatre Royal, Hanover, who is already known for his arrangement and completion of the late Hermann Goetz's unfinished opera, *Francesca da Rimini*. Next season, also, so it is said, Wagner's *Siegfried* is to be given, with the following cast: Siegfried, Ernst; Wanderer, Betz; Mime, Lehan; and Brünhilde, Von Voggenhuber.

At Kroll's Theater, Mdlle Regina Klein, from the Imperial Operahouse, Vienna, has appeared as Leonore, in Verdi's *Trovatore*, Mdlle Götz, a novice, being the Azucena. At the same theatre, Ferdinand Wachtel has sung in his father's favourite opera, *Le Postillon de Longjumeau*. Mdme Papier concluded her engagement here by appearing as Rachel in Halévy's *Juive*. She has pleased so much that she is re-engaged for next year.—Ludwig Meinardus' oratorio, *Luther in Worms*, is to be performed again on the 10th November, and this time under the direction of Paul Schnöpf, at the Singakademie.

The new practice-room at the Royal High School of Music was inaugurated by a performance of the second half of J. S. Bach's *Weihnacht's Oratorium*, the executants being the orchestral class and chorus of the institution, assisted by Mdmes Meinhold, Schrägel, Herren von der Meeden and Felix Schrägel, as solo-singers. Joseph Joachim was conductor. An audience of some six hundred persons, present by special invitation, were highly pleased with the admirable acoustic qualities of the new room.—Stern's Vocal Association selected Treptow as the scene of its "summer outing" this year; a number of compositions by Brahms, Bruch, Mendelssohn, Rudorff, and Wüerst, were sung, everyone concerned—members and audience—being highly pleased with the day's proceedings.—The new Philharmonic Society have for some time past been busy with making arrangements for their winter campaign. Of the twenty concerts to be given, eight so-called "Academical Concerts" will take place in the Singakademie, and two others in the Philharmonie, under the direction of Joseph Joachim. Of the remaining ten concerts, Professors Wullner and Klindworth will each conduct five at the Philharmonie.—Heubner, hitherto conductor of the Singakademie in Liegnitz, has been elected second conductor of the Singakademie here.—Rumours have been flying about with reference to the erection of a "Lortzing-Theater," to be devoted to the class of works consisting of spoken dialogue interspersed with songs, and designated *Spiel opern*. But where the site of the new building is to be, whence the necessary funds are to come, who will be the manager, and so on, are facts of which nothing is yet generally known.

ORIGIN OF THE PHOTOGRAPH.

Venus, gazing in the water,	Forehead, eyes, and tresses flowing
Crav'd the picture shadow'd there:	On a neck divinely fair,
Phœbus heard the wish, and brought	Cheeks, in radiant beauty glowing,
her	All were brightly pictur'd there.
Speedy answer to her pray'r.	Thoughts her secret soul revealing,
Violet rays her face reflected	Pleasure sparkling in her eye;
On his burnish'd silver shield:	Smiles that round her lips were steal-
Mercury touched it, and perfected,	ing,
Every feature stood reveal'd.	Full of magic witchery.

Grace, expression, and whatever
Made that face so animate,
All were caught, and fixed for ever,
Truthful, life-like, on the plate.

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WELLINGTON GREVILLE GUERNSEY.

The first concert at Turin, on the 8th inst., of the Bologna Orchestra, under L. Mancinelli, was a great artistic success, though, owing to the heat and other unfavourable causes, the attendance was not as good as had been expected.

NEW YORK.—Several alterations and improvements are to be made at the Academy of Music. New floors will be laid down in the supper-rooms and basement lobby, the family circle will be newly seated, and there will be a good deal of re-painting and re-gilding in the auditorium. A ceiling, also, is being constructed for the large set used at college commencements, lectures, and entertainments, requiring the whole extent of the stage.—F. Greco, vocal director of the New York Conservatory of Music, started for Europe a short time since. He purposes visiting Paris, Milan, Florence, and Naples, with the object of engaging professors for the Conservatory.

PATRICK BOHAN.

There must have been a wild wailing in Glasnevin Cemetery when they bore to his last home the body of the most celebrated of the good old race of Irish pipers. Patrick Bohan was undoubtedly a character in Dublin society. He was not by any means, we trust, the last of those sweet minstrels who, by the power of melody, can awaken in the Irish breast feelings of patriotism and affectionate sentiment, whilst to the passing stranger they afford a delightful study of the passion and tenderness of the most music-loving island in the world. Still it must be confessed that with the death of this song-master one more link is broken that bound the present to the picturesque past. Bohan enjoyed a well-deserved reputation, and he did not employ his musical taste or his matchless minstrelsy to arouse disloyal sentiment or to awake ferocious feeling. He was proud of the honours he had received at the hands of the Queen of England, and of the Heir Apparent to the English throne. So long ago as the year 1861, when the Queen and the Prince Consort last visited Ireland, Patrick Bohan was requested to give some specimens of his skill and fine taste on board the Victoria and Albert in Kingstown Harbour. Later on, when the Prince and Princess of Wales visited Dublin and were the guests of the Lord-Lieutenant, the old Irish piper was invited by the Marquis of Hartington to the Chief Secretary's Lodge, and gave such sincere enjoyment to the distinguished party that the Prince of Wales caused a letter of thanks, with a substantial acknowledgment inside it, to be conveyed to the Irish minstrel, who, it is needless to state, highly prized the unexpected compliment. There are those who have an unreasonable prejudice against the musical instrument known as the pipe, of whatever nationality it may be. The sometimes discordant utterances of the Italian pifferari, even when, at the season of Advent, they come down from their mountain homes to play before the shrines of the Virgin in Rome, in order to carry out the traditional notion of soothing her until the birthtime of the Infant Saviour at the approaching Christmas; the melancholy droning of the Scottish bagpipes, whether heard as a welcome or as a lament; and the softer notes of the Irish pipes, whatever melody they may accompany, are alike incomprehensible and not infrequently resented by the Saxon ear. The late Mr Daniel Maclise, in a graceful frontispiece to one of the best-known editions of the Irish melodies of Thomas Moore, gives three instruments as characteristic of the Irish nation. An aged bard bends pathetically over a six-stringed harp; a swarthy peasant has his fingers on the stops of an Irish pipe; and by their side sits a dreamy musician accompanying the songs of the bystanders on an ordinary fiddle. It is true, no doubt, that musical pipes of all nations are more suitable to the echoes of mountainous districts than to the use of crowded cities. Away in the mountains of Calabria the music uttered by pifferari has a more solemn meaning than when squeaked forth at the edge of the kerbstone of a busy capital. The bagpipes of Scotland, again, have played their part in arousing enthusiasm on many a battle-field both in the near and the remote past, and do not so distress the sensitive ear as when they are introduced in a modern banqueting-hall, and their shrill shriek is allowed to astound the assembled guests. The Alpine horn awakens the echoes of the giant mountains of Switzerland with no ungrateful sound, though it is often foolishly employed to weary and annoy the tired pedestrian, and as an excuse for begging. In like manner, Irish pipes are only properly heard at peasant festivals and in wild regions, the farther the better from cities and civilization. There is a great difference, of course, between the Irish and the Scottish bagpipe. The latter is supplied with wind from the lungs of the player; the former from a small bellows fastened with straps underneath and worked by one arm, a tube passing from it in front of the breast to the bag which is under the other arm. All the pipes in an Irish bagpipe point slantingly downwards, as in the instruments used by the Italian pifferari, one of these having one or more keys upon it worked by the wrist of the performer, so that the chord may be varied; and, in contrast to its Scottish brother, the tone of the Irish bagpipe is undeniably low and sweet.

In his way, no doubt, the old Irish piper who has just paid the debt of nature followed in the footsteps of his predecessor Tom Moore, in keeping the melodies of his native land alive in the hearts of his imaginative countrymen. The friendship between Moore and Robert Emmett, when fellow-students at Dublin University, plays no unimportant part in the interesting history of Irish song. Moore had by accident discovered, in the year 1797, a volume of Irish melodies by a Mr Bunting, and was inspired with the idea of making them more widely known by his own powers of poetry. "A young friend of our family, Edward Hudson," he wrote, "the nephew of an eminent dentist of that name, who played with much taste and feeling on the flute, and, unluckily for himself, was but too deeply warmed with the patriotic ardour then kindling around him, was the first who made known to me this rich mine of our

country's melodies—a mine from the working of which my humble labours as a poet have since derived their sole lustre and value." Who shall say how important a part this discovery made in the enthusiasm that preceded the Irish rebellion! One day Robert Emmett and Moore were together in their college room, the latter strumming over with tolerable facility on the pianoforte the contents of Bunting's book. He came upon the spirited air known as the "Red Fox," subsequently immortalised by Moore in his words,

"Let Erin remember the days of old,
Ere her faithless sons betrayed her;
When Malachi wore the collar of gold
Which he won from her proud invader."

The spirited tune as played by Moore roused Emmett to enthusiasm. "Oh, that I were at the head of 20,000 men marching to that air!" "How little," adds Moore, "did I then think that in one of the most touching of the sweet airs I used to play him—

"Oh, breathe not his name, let it sleep in the shade
Where, cold and unhonoured, his relics are laid."

his own dying words would find an interpreter so worthy of their sad but proud feeling; or that another of those mournful strains,

"She is far from the land where her young hero sleeps,"

would long be associated in the hearts of his countrymen with the memory of her—Miss Curran—who shared with Ireland his last blessing and prayer! But, how much soever the Irish pipes may have been instrumental in perpetuating the native songs of the Emerald Isle, however popular they may be at solemn wakes or boisterous merry-makings, half-frenzied the peasants with efforts at song, dance, and dirge, it is the harp, and not the pipe, that is the national emblem of Ireland, and is connected with much of the fancy that plays about the immortal legends of this wild and lovely country. The story of the origin of the Irish harp has been embodied in one of Moore's best-known songs:

"Tis believed that this harp, which I wake now for thee,
Was a siren of old, who sang under the sea."

Unfortunately for the beautiful siren, she loved a mortal youth, who ultimately forsook her and left her to weep in solitude. Heaven looked with pity on the golden-haired siren, and changed her into a harp, her loose hair forming the strings of the instrument, as so delicately expressed in the poem:

"Still her bosom rose fair, still her cheeks smiled the same,
While her sea beauties gracefully formed the light frame;
And her hair, as let loose o'er her white arm it fell,
Was changed to bright chords, uttering melody's spell!"

Once more in connection with this song we find a touching incident in the life of one of the poet's many friends who took part in the rebellion nurtured within the walls of the University of Dublin. "When, in consequence of the compact entered into between Government and the chief leaders of the conspiracy," writes Moore, in his *Life and Death of Edward Fitzgerald*, "the State prisoners before proceeding into exile were allowed to see their friends, I paid a visit to Edward Hudson in the gaol of Kilmalmain, where he had then lain immured for four or five months, hearing of friend after friend being led out to death, and expecting every week his own turn to come, I found that to amuse his solitude he had made a large drawing with charcoal on the wall of his prison representing that fancied origin of the Irish harp which some years after I adopted as the subject of one of the Melodies."

Pipers all the world over, irrespective of the fact that they contribute so much to the gaiety of nations, and comfort their fellow-creatures in times of sorrow, appear on the whole to be an ill-used and distressful race. People seem to have been very glad to dance to their jigs or weep at their melodies; but the necessary payment for the pleasure was often unduly and most unfairly delayed. "Who's to pay the piper?" has descended into a proverbial expression denoting an uncomfortable after-thought. Dancing and jigging were all very well, songs and choruses might be a pleasant exercise, but payment for the pleasure was quite another thing. There was once, as we all know, a Pied Piper of Hamelin, immortalized by Mr Robert Browning in a poem and by Mr Pinwell in a picture. He agreed to rid the town of rats and mice for a certain sum, and when he had duly performed his part of the contract the graceless townsfolk refused to recognize his legitimate claim. So the piper revenged himself on the inhabitants in a most uncanny fashion. He piped away, and he piped so sweetly that all the children followed at his heels, and when they arrived at the Koppelberg Hill it opened on them, and away they all piped and danced until nothing was seen of them any more. No such ingratitude is likely to be paid to the memory of the old Irish piper, who has been carried with much weeping and lamentation to his grave in Glasnevin Cemetery. He never applied his songs or his delightful art to an unworthy purpose.

He could love his native country, its green hills, its enchanting landscape, and its fantastic legends without railing against the cursed Saxon or the detested invader. Like the minstrels of old, from Homer downwards, he was at home as much in the cabin of the peasant as in the palace of the prince. He used his power, but never abused it; and now that his pipes are laid aside for ever, he will be held by Irishmen and Englishmen alike in grateful and affectionate remembrance.—D. T.

OLD IRISH SONGS.

(From the "Sunday Democrat.")

We have frequently received, of late, communications from esteemed correspondents, asking for the re-publication of old Irish songs and ballads, whose "sweetly plaintive numbers haunt the memory for ever." The writers truly point out that most of those quaint productions of the Irish muse are going out of print, though not out of the remembrance of those who heard them in the days of early youthhood. The songs a mother croons to her child are indelibly impressed upon the memory. To hear an echo of them in the after years stirs, even to self-surprise, a heart-chord imagined to be hushed for ever. Fine poetic beauty is a quality we will not claim for them, but they are so intimately associated with bright and tender memories that they come to us like the gracious afterglow which follows the Northern sunsets.

It is our purpose to reprint in the *Democrat* a series of those old ballads. We present to-day the words of that famous old melody, "Irish Molly, O," the air, at least, of which lingers in a myriad of Irish remembrances, like the far-off tinkle of an Angelus bell heard in the sinless years of childhood.

IRISH MOLLY, O.

Oh, who is that poor foreigner that lately came to town,
And, like a ghost that cannot rest, still wanders up and down?
A poor, unhappy Scottish youth; if more you wish to know,
His heart is breaking all for love of Irish Molly, O!
She's modest, mild and beautiful, the fairest I have known,
The primrose of Ireland, all blooming here alone—
The primrose of Ireland, for wheresoe'er I go,
The only one entices me is Irish Molly, O!

When Molly's father heard of it, a solemn oath he swore
That if she'd wed a foreigner he'd never see her more.
He sent for young McDonald and he plainly told him so—
"I'll never give to such as you my Irish Molly, O!"

She's modest, &c.

McDonald heard the heavy news, and grievously did say:
"Farewell, my lovely Molly, since I'm banished far away!
A poor, forlorn pilgrim, I must wander to and fro,
And all for the sake of my Irish Molly, O!"

She's modest, &c.

"There is a rose in Ireland, I thought it would be mine,
But now that she is lost to me I must for ever pine,
Till death shall come to comfort me, for to the grave I'll go,
And all for the sake of my Irish Molly, O!"

She's modest, &c.

"And now that I am dying, this one request I crave,
To place a marble tombstone above my humble grave,
And on the stone these simple words I'd have engraven so:
'McDonald lost his life for love of Irish Molly, O!'"

She's modest, &c.

WAIFS.

In the midst of a storm of litigation—writes the *St James's Gazette*—which had the effect of sweeping Mr Gilbert & Beckett's English libretto from the house, *Savonarola* has been produced; and though the composer, Mr Villiers Stanford, was called for after the prologue and again after the final fall of the curtain, it may be doubted whether, so far as public performance is concerned, the last has not already been heard of it. It will figure again and again in the law courts; for not only do Messrs Boosey claim damages from the directors of the German Opera Company for representing it without their permission, but Mr Villiers Stanford claims £500 from Messrs Boosey in consideration of the work having now been brought out—not, indeed, in English, but in England; while Mdme Leideritz (who was to have played the principal female part, but who apparently had not studied it sufficiently to undertake it on the day originally fixed for its production) is bringing an action against the management for wrongful dismissal. *Savonarola* will prove a

source of profit to the lawyers; but neither profit nor pleasure is likely to be derived from it by anyone else. If, however, the opera exhibits but little musical genius, it represents much industry, thought, and knowledge. It is not, then, a work to be dismissed once and for all with a few hasty lines. ("On dirait du veau."—ALCIDE TOUSEZ.)

Battistini, the baritone, is resting at Rieti.

Gaetano Braga, the violoncellist, is at Giulianova.

V. Capelli has completed a grand opera entitled *Evelia*.

Emma Turolla has left Prague for a time and is now in Milan.

Carolina Ristori will shortly make a tour in America and play in English.

Bilse, with his Berlin Orchestra, has been giving concerts in Strassburg.

There is some talk of Sembrich's appearing next season at the Italiens, Paris.

Scarlatti has become the manager for three years of the Teatro Comunale, Trieste.

Emil Götze, the tenor, is re-engaged at the Stadttheater, Cologne, up to the year 1890.

Camille Saint-Saëns has renounced his intention of visiting America next season.

The tenor Barbacini is engaged by Strakosch for next season at the Teatro Apollo, Rome.

Among the candidates for the post of conductor at the Teatro San Carlo, Naples, is Martucci.

Aida, with a cast including Theodorini, Mei, and Tamagno, has been well received in Buenos Ayres.

A great improvement has taken place in the health and mental condition of De Giosa, the composer.

Marie Durand is taking a holiday at Viareggio after her season at the Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden.

Armand Elbert has been appointed by the Municipality of Marseilles manager of the Grand-Théâtre.

One of Rossini's earliest operas, *Torvaldo e Dorliska*, was recently performed at the Teatro Andreani, Mantua.

A new opera, *Medje*, by Spiro Samara, will probably be given in the autumn at the Teatro Comunale, Bologna.

Der Postmeister is the title of the last new Vienna buffo opera, book by West and Held, music by Carl Ziller.

The meeting of the General Musical Association of Germany will most probably be held next year at Karlsruhe.

Régulier, stage manager at the Grand Opera, Paris, is taking a holiday, which may extend to several months.

For sanitary reasons, the International Musical Competition, which was to have begun on the 1st August in Turin, will not be held.

It is said that Manzotti's new ballet, *Amor*, withdrawn from the Milan Scala, will be first produced at the Grand Opera, Paris, or San Carlo, Naples.

Felix Draeseke, appointed professor in the Royal Conservatory of Music, Dresden, will not enter upon his functions before the beginning of the winter term.

On hearing of Victor Massé's death, Danbé, conductor at the Paris Opéra-Comique, who is now at Nérès, gave a concert with a programme containing only compositions by the deceased.

The German right of executing *Parsifal* at concerts has been purchased by Pollini, manager of the Stadttheater, Hamburg, and it appears that the purchase cannot be invalidated by the composer's heirs.

BLACKHEATH CONSERVATOIRE OF MUSIC.—The annual examinations took place on June 28, July 1 and 5. The following candidates obtained scholarships: *Singing*—Miss S. G. Rollins, Miss Ada Pate, and Miss May Bath. *Pianoforte*—Miss E. S. Gillespie and Miss A. Marten. *Harmony*—Miss H. Henderson. Examiners—W. G. Cousins, Esq., Albert Visetti, Esq., and C. Warwick Jordan, Esq.

GERMAN OPERA IN LONDON.—(*St James's Gazette*).—The German Opera, as established two years ago at Drury Lane, was unsuccessful in a pecuniary point of view (apparently from nothing but mismanagement), but, artistically considered, was very successful indeed. The German Opera of the present season, established side by side with the Italian Opera (dangerous rival!) at Covent Garden, has prospered less even than the similar enterprise of 1882; though the enthusiasm called forth when such perfect representations as those of *Lohengrin* and of *Tristan und Isolde* showed that with a little care in selecting the singers the management might have

secured uniformly the best results. In some cases, however, the singing was so bad as to cause a general disbelief in the German singers of the present (so far as Germany is concerned) eminently unvoiced period; and to suggest that simultaneously with the alleged higher development of the lyric drama, consequent on the adoption of Wagnerian processes, there has been a corresponding decline in the art of singing. One thing is certain; that German Opera, as a whole, judged by its works and also by the style in which these works have been executed, has not nearly such a high reputation now as it enjoyed before this last ill-advised experiment was entered upon. What is known as Italian Opera—the lyric works, that is to say, of Italy and all other countries performed in the Italian language—had already adopted the one important work of Mozart's, not composed for the Italian stage, together with *Fidelio*, *Der Freischütz*, and the three operas of Wagner (*Der Fliegende Holländer*, *Tannhäuser*, and *Lohengrin*), which have hitherto been most favourably received by the public. Take these works, however, away, and practically nothing of German Opera remains except *Tristan und Isolde* and the *Meistersinger*. It may be said, perhaps, that operas of a thoroughly German character are heard to most advantage when interpreted by German singers. But against this possible assumption may be placed the fact that the best singer, indeed the only true vocalist, was, in *Lohengrin* Madame Albani, in *Tristan und Isolde* Fräulein Lehmann. Fräulein Lehmann is, of course, a German singer. But she formed her style in Italian Opera; and many will remember the favourable impression which she caused some few years ago at Her Majesty's as Violetta in that very Italian Opera *La Traviata*.—(Controversy invited.—Dr Blüthge.)

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When the last Great Day shall cause
Dread reverse of Nature's laws;
When the rocks shall bow before
Thee, and seas shall be no more—
Thou, my Rock, shalt still prevail;
Thou, Love's Ocean, canst not fail!

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Published by WILLIAM DUNCAN DAVISON, at the Office, 244, Regent Street, Saturday, July 19, 1884.